

experienced a reverse of fortune were now doomed to inevitable destruction.

Both these once happy brothers became captivated by the charms of the same lady, and Carlos, finding his brother too successful a rival, insisted that he should either instantly resign the lady to him or measure swords; in vain Antonio declared himself incapable of quitting the dear object of his affections, and there appeared something so horrible in his brother's last proposal, that the bare recollection of it was almost insupportable. Carlos now only considered his brother as his rival, the sight of him was odious, and he was now as anxious to deprive him of his life, as he had ever been to preserve it. His repeated insults at last compelled Antonio to accept his challenge. They met, unattended in a grove contiguous to their father's garden, each drew his sword, and Antonio, having received a mortal wound, fell in the arms of his brother, breathed out a short forgiveness, embraced him, and expired.

Carlos, now too late, became convinced of his error; a train of ideas succeeded each other in his mind, too horrible for words to express, or a tranquil mind to conceive. Remorse planted a thousand daggers in his heart; he reflected with admiration on the virtues of his brother, and life, without him, was now insupportable; he dreaded the reproaches

reproaches of the world, and in those moments was tempted to commit a crime (sensible) greater than that which his father already charged with; he seized the yet warm in the blood of his brother, plunged it in his own guilty heart.

At that instant Don Manuel entered the grove; the fineness of the morning invited him to quit his apartment more earlier than usual: he arose, perhaps by imagination, the most happy of fathers entered his garden with a satisfaction is ever the companion of the virtuous; he sought the inmost recesses of the grove, he knew not that those abodes of pleasure contained a spectacle too horrible for his infirmities to sustain; for who could resist the emotions of his heart, when he saw his beloved Carlos weeping over the body of his brother! Here let me appeal to the feelings of my reader, nor attempt to describe an interview which may be said cannot be expressed. Let it suffice to say that Carlos lived to unfold the fatal story of his woes to his father, and then closed his eyes for ever.

Grief for a while denied the world its father; when his strength was sufficiently returned, as he viewed the pale remains of his sons, he made an appeal to heaven in their behalf.